

THE LIGUORIAN

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For an Album

You ask an inscription for your book;
I give you this artless rhyme,
Telling a truth which I learnt too late,
That so you may learn it in time.

My years are few, but my heart is old,
And my soul lives in the past.
With a clinging tendril of poesie
I hold the dead days fast.

I sit in the tomb of the buried years,
And wistfully call to the dead,
Till I hear the rustling of their shrouds
And their light and noiseless tread.

The moonlight streams through the crumbled walls,
In the flood of its silvery light
I stretch my arms to the lovely wraiths,
But they flit away in the night.

So I sit and dream with a lonely heart,
Of the days that will never return,
Of joys that were missed, and loves that were lost,
And I strive this lesson to learn:—

There's a deal of sunshine in all our lives,
Though the storms be ever so wild,
If, forgetful of self, we strive to love
With the guileless heart of a child.

And then when our youth has slipped away
To the shadowy land of dreams,
We can visit its tomb with a peaceful mind
Under the moon's soft beams.

May you learn the lesson hidden here
In this tangled, wordy maze;
Nor sit like me with your face to the past
With a sadly wistful gaze.

—Andrew F. Browne, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

A pagan statue from Greece stood guard on either side of the door, and a pagan butler from Japan opened it. Father Casey was led through long halls where gold had been poured out prodigally upon pagan adornments and pagan comforts. It was out into the private park that the mistress of the Dysart Mansion, "The Laurels," had instructed the servant to conduct him. There, in consultation with the head gardener, he found her, Madame K. Alfred Dysart, the little Helen McMullen of his First Communion class of a few short years ago. Nightly festivities, where he reigned without a peer, long, dreamless morning sleeps, fresh air and healthful exercise throughout the day, made up the round of her pagan existence and left her always "fit"—always at her best.

Rising to welcome the priest, she dropped from her lap upon the grass a funny woolly bundle. When said bundle began to move about and emit sharp staccato sounds, Father Casey gazed in amazement. The very atmosphere was so surcharged with paganism—could it be that the devil, who was surely at home here, was frolicking about under the cover of inanimate things? A moment later he was reassured by the discovery that bundle of wool was not possessed by the devil, but was the natural covering of a pet poodle of some rare exotic variety.

Madame Dysart found it a comfort to throw aside the stupid formalities of high society and to sit there in a rustic chair chatting in her old time childlike manner with good Father Casey—though she knew full well the uncomfortable topic he had come to discuss—religion, her duty to her God, the salvation of her immortal soul. At first she tried to avoid the subject, but as the priest made no effort to force it, she was soon irritated to find herself growing fidgety and nervous; at last she cried impulsively:

"Go ahead, Father Tim! Say it! You did not make this—your first—visit to 'The Laurels' to admire our park and to discuss the name and habitat of each shrub and flower. You would much rather be chatting with Mrs. Mulligan over the washtub about the twins. You know you would. You came here to tell me that I am a backslider, a renegade, a pagan."

The priest regarded her quizzically for a moment.

"Well, aren't you?" he asked.

"I admit that just now I am acting like one."

"Isn't that what principally makes a pagan—acting like one?"

"I don't want to be a hypocrite. One can't be a practical Catholic and hold the position I have gained in our set. I—I don't like to explain it all to you, Father; but one simply can't. And I won't play the hypocrite—that is why I quit going to Mass and sacraments. There's the whole story."

The priest said nothing. His manner was getting on her nerves—she sprang up and stamped her foot.

"Father Tim, don't sit there looking at me like that! Why don't you scold!"

"Doesn't your conscience do that?" he asked.

She sank down again limp into her chair resting her chin thoughtfully in her hand.

"No, Father, not much," she answered slowly. "I suppose it has no chance—line's busy." Then, after a pause: "The other night it did. One of my maids, Eileen Mallow, is a good Catholic—rather out of place in this pagan establishment. She had asked the evening off. I happened to see her slip on her wraps and hurry down the steps. Suddenly I remembered: This Saturday night; Eileen is going to Confession. The regular Saturday night of my girlhood came back to me—the confessing of my little sins and faults of the last week—the strong resolution to be better next week—the preparation for Communion in the morning. My conscience did scold me then. But I always quiet it by the thought that I am going to fix up everything later on. And, Father, I really am. Just now I can hardly do it. I am young and popular and crazy for pleasure. My husband humors me. He is wealthy and a 'personage' and—a pagan. He did consent to be married before the priest, but he will not submit to any of the obligations which the Church urges upon us. Neither," she added, blushing at her own frankness, "do I want him to. But don't worry, Father; after I get old and staid, I'm going to turn terribly good and pious."

"After you have given the best that is in you to the world and the devil, you are going to give the leavings to God! You know we throw the leavings to the dogs. Don't treat God like a dog."

"Now, Father Tim," she cried, trying to force a laugh, "don't talk to me like that, or I won't buy the wonderful stained glass window I was planning for Our Lady's Altar."

"Our Lady wouldn't accept your stained glass window," he said.

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that she wouldn't have accepted the thirty pieces of silver from Judas Iscariot."

"But later on I am going to turn over a new leaf, and then she will accept it. And after I get pious, I am going to wear a simple black dress and be a great church worker and take an interest in the poor and—"

"You may be in hell before that time!" was Father Casey's blunt comment.

The petted beauty was not accustomed to opposition. Her face hardened.

"Father Tim," she said, "don't try to browbeat me. You are going to tell me how God strikes down the obstinate sinner by a sudden death. Maybe He does—one in a thousand—but it does not happen often, otherwise you would have more than the one solitary example which I have heard you relate in your sermons a dozen times."

It was fully a minute before he spoke. She had ample time to reflect on what she had said and to regret its impropriety. Then the priest observed gently:

"My child, there is a worse punishment than a sudden death."

"What is that?"

"A hardened heart!" After a few moments he continued: "I have seen, alas, too many examples of how a just God deals with obstinate sinners—especially with those who knowingly abuse His mercy by living in sin and flattering themselves that they will repent after they have had all the pleasure out of life that they desire. It is a most simple story—nothing dramatic about it whatsoever. Such persons keep saying, later on, I will repent. But they become so hardened—so selfish—so worldly-minded—by repeated sins, that it requires a very extraordinary grace from God to enable them to repent. They so deliberately and so persistently reject God's ordinary graces that He becomes disgusted with them and declines to give them that extraordinary grace. And so they go on. Whether death comes suddenly or gradually, at twenty or eighty, they die as they live. That's the whole story. You see it makes a very tame narrative; still it spells damnation for an immortal soul."

Madame Dysart's face changed. It looked less like the proud and selfish woman of the world and more like Helen McMullen on Confession night than it had for many a day. She slowly raised her head to answer the priest—suddenly she sprang to her feet with a piercing scream. The pet poodle had fallen into the fountain and was frantically struggling among the frightened gold fish. Father Casey extracted the dog from its involuntary bath and held it at arms length while the water streamed from its bedraggled wool. Some of

the Dysart guests, strolling in the garden after their late breakfast, were attracted by the scream and formed in a laughing group about the fountain. The priest saw that the hour of grace was over—that his chances for doing good on that occasion were past, and at the first opportunity he took his leave.

His next visit to "The Laurels" came sooner than he had expected. He made it in response to a note from the maid, Eileen, informing him that Madame Dysart was sick—just an attack of the "grippe," but Eileen feared there was danger of pneumonia. The anxious husband, the coldly efficient doctor and nurse, all told him plainly by their manner that he was an unwelcome visitor. "There was no danger whatsoever," they assured him. "He must absolutely not alarm Madame." However, he was determined to see her, and see her he did. Madame Dysart, unused to bodily suffering of any kind, was restless and fretful. She kept incessantly urging the attendants to hurry up and make her well, so that she should not be obliged to cancel the reception which she had planned as the social triumph of the season. Truly she was in no mood for attending to the tangled affairs of her neglected soul. If the priest told her she was in danger of death, it might make her serious—provided she should believe him. But had he a right to tell her this? He could advance no solid reason for saying she was in danger—except that he did not like the general symptoms—and experience at hundreds of sick beds had given him a sort of instinct for judging when danger was near. However, should he tell her and should she become alarmed, the attendants would likely refuse him admittance when she needed him most. He would wait. At the end of five unsatisfactory minutes, the nurse politely requested him to withdraw and allow the patient to rest.

Then came the third and last visit to "The Laurels." When the maid, Eileen, called him by telephone and said Madame wished to see him, he asked very distinctly: Is there any immediate danger? And she answered: No. That was Sunday morning, just before the ten o'clock Mass—the Mass at which Madame Dysart used to sing when she was plain Helen McMullen. While sitting through a long "Credo," he found himself several times thinking of her and wondering whether she would go abusing God's graces until He would finally abandon her in disgust and cease to send her any striking calls to repentance.

In the early afternoon, after he had baptized a black-eyed Hungarian baby and figured how the unpronounceable name was supposed to be written, he took the Belvedere Car, which would land him with-

in three blocks of "The Laurels." Father Casey often says that life's tragedies are woven of the merest commonplaces. What could be more commonplace than the two events of that street car ride? First, they were held up at the L. P. tracks while an interminably long train of empty box cars rumbled by. Next, while the motorman was speeding to catch up with his schedule, he grazed the end of a banana cart, overturned it, and strewed Block Street with the yellow fruit. The result was an instantaneous gathering of small boys, a heated and profane discussion carried on simultaneously by the enraged Italian, an autocratic policeman, and the sullen car crew—and another long delay.

When Father Casey at last reached the end of the car line, he consulted his watch and wondered whether he still had time to make the call and be home in time before Benediction. Little did he dream that when Eileen, the maid, spoke to him over the telephone that morning, her mistress was already then at the point of death, but the frantic husband was standing over her while she spoke threatening her not to dare to say that the danger was grave. Poor Eileen had afterwards secretly rung up the priest's residence to tell him of the urgency of the case only to be informed that Father Casey was already on his way.

The zealous pastor, anticipating no very gracious welcome, hurried along the three remaining blocks and then up the long laurel bordered drive to the mansion.

A pagan statue from Greece stood guard on either side of the door and a pagan butler from Japan opened it. There was a touch of pagan fatalism in the cold announcement: "Madame passed away some minutes ago."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Father Faber said: "Go and help Jesus. Why should a single soul for whom Christ died be lost?" Very few souls would be lost if only Catholics had sufficient interest in the work of the Church, and if they realized the value of even one soul in the eyes of God. To cause even one soul to be saved will please Our Lord more than all the other good works of a life-time.

A dogma of Freemasonry, dogmatized and defined by the official Masonic Observer of Minneapolis reads: "There should be no such thing as a parochial school or private grade school." Which is not a very kind thing to say to a Catholic! Which it would be a very strange thing for a Catholic to subscribe to; wouldn't it?

THE OUR FATHER: THY KINGDOM COME, VII.**THE FIFTH BEATITUDE**

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Mat. V:7.)

All the attributes or perfections of God are equally infinite. But Holy Scripture praises no Divine perfection so highly as the Divine Mercy, because it is, as it were the source of all the favors and blessings God has lavished on us, poor sinners, so undeserving of his bounty. Our Divine Saviour requires us to resemble our Heavenly Father, saying: "Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." (Mat. V:48.) We cannot expect God to be merciful to us, unless we show mercy to our fellowmen, For "judgment without mercy to him who hath not done mercy." (James II:13.)

The obligation of showing mercy to our fellowmen is included in the commandment of the love of our neighbor, of which St. Paul says: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law." (Romans XIII:8.) It is as indispensable to salvation as the commandment of the love of God, for "if any man say, 'I love God,' and loveth not his neighbor, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his neighbor whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" (I John IV:20.) In His last discourse to His Apostles before His death our divine Saviour said: "This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you." (John XV:12.) The love of Jesus for us was not a mere natural love, a love of self-interest or of feeling or a love of pagans or unbelievers, but a super-natural love, a love inducing Him to sacrifice Himself for us. Such should be our love for our neighbor. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have "love for one another." (John XII:35.)

Even if our neighbor were full of faults, and sins and personally deficient in all the qualities that could make him lovable to us, we have, nevertheless, five powerful motives to love him as God requires us to do.

1. Every man, however wicked or hateful he may be himself, is by creation an image of God Himself, and as such is deserving of our love.

2. Every man apart from his good and evil qualities has been redeemed by the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ with a perfect knowledge of everyone, nevertheless considered every man worthy of being redeemed by shedding His Precious Blood for him and therefore deserving of His infinite love, and of ours also.

3. All men are called to be members of the Church, Christ's mystical body, of which He is the Head. "You are the body of Christ, and members of member." (1 Cor. 12:27); and the members are mutually careful, "should be solicitous for one another" (V:25.)

4. Every man has been created and destined by God for Heaven, and, however any of them may now be unlovable on account of his wickedness, etc., he may yet become our glorious companion forever in Heaven.

5. Finally our Divine Saviour considers as done to Himself, whatever we do to our neighbor. "As long as you did it, as you did it not—to one of my least brethren, you did it unto Me—you did it not to Me." (Mat. XX:40 and 45.) Hence if we truly love our neighbor, we truly love Jesus Christ Himself, and if we refuse to love our neighbor, we refuse to love Jesus Christ Himself. Jesus Christ considers as done to Himself whatever we do to our neighbor. We should therefore love our neighbor for Christ's sake, and perform the works requisite to testify our love.

Hence if we wish God to show us mercy, to help us in our wants we must show mercy to our neighbor and help him in his wants, as much as is in our power. His wants are either corporal or spiritual. There are seven corporal works of mercy: 1. To feed the hungry; 2. To give drink to the thirsty; 3. To clothe the naked; 4. To harbor the harborless; 5. To visit the sick; 6. To ransom the captives, and 7. To bury the dead.

Let us see what Holy Scripture teaches us concerning our obligation to show mercy to our neighbor, that is, to help our neighbor in his corporal wants.

1. The angel Raphael said to Tobias: "Prayer is good with fasting and alms more than to lay up treasures of gold, for alms deliver from (eternal) death and * * * purgeth away sins and causeth to find mercy and life everlasting." (Tob. XII:8, 9.)

2. "Son defraud not the poor of alms, and turn not away thy eyes from the poor. Afflict not the heart of the needy, and defer not to give to him that is in distress * * *. Turn not away thy eyes from the poor, and leave not to them that ask thee to curse thee behind their back, for the prayer of him that curseth thee in the bitterness of his soul shall be heard." (Eccli. IV:1, 6.)

3. He that giveth to the poor, shall not want." (Prov. XXVIII:27.) "Give alms." (Luke XII:33.)

4. Give and it shall be given to you; good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall be given into your

bosom for with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall also be measured to you again." (Luke VI:38.)

5. "Tell not thy friend: Go and come back; tomorrow I will give you something, if thou canst give it immediately." (Prov. XXI:13.)

6. Tobias, believing his death was near, spoke thus to his son: "Give alms and turn not away thy face from any poor person, for so shall it come to pass, that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee.) According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow a little. * * * Alms delivers from all sins and from death (eternal) * * * Alms shall be a great confidence before the Most High to all them that give it (Tob. IV:7.)

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

ENVIRONMENT VS. GRACE

It was after 11:00 p. m., and by a kind dispensation from hospital regulations, they were gathered in the private room of a patient—these four: an interne from the hospital, a young priest not yet out of the Seminary and who had just come through a harrowing operation with smile undimmed—a Seminarian who now and then gasped in involuntary pain as a twinge from the unhealed cut reminded him that the traces of the surgeon's knife were not yet healed—and a busy overworked curate from a large city parish. Only "the night-Sister" was stirring, and the extension had been purloined from its stand and lay swathed in a pillow case so that no stray gleam of light might cause anyone any annoyance.

Wide was the range of subjects of their discourse. Gay and light-some, deep and serious alternated in the conversation. The interne had been attracted by what he called "the stoicism" of the two young religious under the nerve-racking ordeal of the knife. Hence he had lingered longer and longer, each time duty had called him to their room. The patients had, in turn, been struck by the earnestness and cheerfulness of the young surgeon, and finally had asked him to call at their room for a friendly visit outside the time when duty chained him to his tasks. Unknown to him, they had inquired and found out that he was a fallen away Catholic.

Time and time again had the patients adroitly turned the conversation to religious subjects; but the interne, though always respectful and polite, had listened with a tolerant but pitying smile. Tonight, the presence of the curate from the busy parish in the city's slums, had

turned the talk to the discussion of virtue and vice as found in the various walks of life.

Dr. M— had listened for a time while the others discussed the various factors which make men's lives good or bad. At last, with the earnestness that characterized him, he gave his opinion.

"A man's life is the result of environment," he said, with the quick, nervous gestures that mark the surgeon—they whose every movement in a crisis must be quick, sure and decisive. "Put a man in the country?" he went on, "and his thoughts will be of plants and animals. Put him in a Seminary, like you men, and he will be inclined to be pious. Put him among men of refinement, he will be refined; among the vicious, and you produce a degenerate or a criminal. Place him among men of science, and let him observe for himself, and he soon becomes a firm believer in evolution and rejects all so-called revealed religion. That's why I am a materialist today. I tell you, there is no such thing as virtue and vice in the sense in which you men take it. Environment, environment, makes a man good or bad."

There was a pause for a moment, as though the patients had been not a little shocked by this pronouncement. Then the Seminarian in the bed replied with a smile:

"Doctor, a materialist is one to whom the Sacred Scriptures apply the not very flattering name of 'fool,'—and apart from the fact that these books are inspired, they contain, as was so often said, 'the boiled-down wisdom of our race.' You say environment makes the man! In that case, the effect of evil surroundings should always be corruption. Explain this incident by your theory:

A young lady of my acquaintance, a daily Communicant, was engaged in the theatrical profession. After signing an important contract, she found herself in a company where looseness of morals was the thing. Worst of all, some of the other members of the company were Catholics who had fallen away from their duties. Now, environment should have made her as bad as the rest. Just the opposite took place. She persevered in her devotional life, and had the satisfaction of seeing her companions return to their religious duties, and lead lives of virtue."

As the Seminarian paused after his eloquent defiance, the curate took up the thread of the conversation.

"It seems to me," he began, "where this theory of environment is not an excuse for looseness of morals, it is a wholly unproved theory, unworthy of notice by a man who pretends to rest his beliefs on ex-

perimental evidence. Here is a fact that wrecks all such theories."

The hearers settled back to hear the priest's story.

"You know," he continued, "my work is in the crowded tenement district. You don't look for saints there. Drunkenness and immorality are of the order of the day; your police records bear that out. Yet from the midst of such surroundings, I have met dozens of young girls, who though seeing nothing but depravity of morals around them, have not only preserved their maidenly modesty untainted, but they have even consecrated themselves to God by a vow of perpetual virginity,—and that, mind you, without such a procedure being suggested to them.—Environment!" he exclaimed, in conclusion, "Environment, nonsense! It is the correspondence with, or the rejection of, God's grace that makes a person good or bad."

The young interne answered never a word to this challenge. Looking at his watch he realized that it was getting late, and bade the three a hasty good night.

"Phew! Father!" ejaculated the young priest from the Seminary, when the doctor had left. "I think you have made us lose whatever hold we had on Dr. M—. He looked so hurt at what you said, and he left so hurriedly, I am sure he was offended."

The curate shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, the truth is the truth, no matter what the cost of telling it. He did not mince matters in giving his views," he said, as he too, prepared to leave.

Next morning it was another interne who appeared on the scene to attend to the two student patients. That convinced them that Dr. M—. felt piqued. However, on the day following, the good Sister in charge, unwittingly relieved them of their apprehension.

"What on earth," exclaimed the Sister, "have you two young men been doing to Dr. M—?"

"Why, what's up now?" asked the two apprehensively.

"What's up? Why, all day yesterday one could scarcely get a word from him, and wonder of all wonders, this morning he distracted everybody in the chapel. Though he has been here for two years, and has never been seen at Mass once in that time, he went to Holy Communion this morning!"

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

Someone has said that a mother shows how she regards the task of educating her children, not only in the way in which she speaks to them of God, but also in the manner in which she speaks to God of them.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY OF TASSWITZ

1820-1920 marks a period full of the most interesting and important events of history—as we are wont to call them: world events. The two years find the world in many ways looking a great deal the same. About 1820, Europe was just recovering from a world war. A great flame that had swept Europe from end to end with fire, was just quenched. Napoleon was at St. Helena. Misery, poverty, suffering, social disorder, lay over the land. Profiteers there were then too, who made the people groan under their burdens—groan and starve.

Into that period, so like our own, God sent a saint of His Church to blaze the way for reconstruction of the best kind: the Redemptorist, St. Clement Hofbauer. This year, 1920, we celebrate the centennial of his death. And it is just because he was a modern saint in the truest sense of the word—a saint grown out of the best of which our modern world boasts, and thrown into the evils under which our modern world groans—that he attracts attention. He met practically all the problems we face now, and were he alive today, we could easily imagine him again in the midst of his parish, the father of his people, yet exerting his influence, through press and pulpit, to the bounds of his country and beyond.

NO. 32 MAIN STREET

Back in 1730 Tasswitz, a little town in Moravia, Austria, counted about 200 houses, white little dwellings, with each its vineyard or farm, strewn along the right bank of the Thaya. No. 32, was just one of the two hundred, in no way extraordinary—poorer perhaps than some. Here John Dworzak, who had changed his name to Hofbauer, lived with his young wife Maria Steer. God blessed them with eleven children—the ninth being John, better known by the name he later on adopted, Clement.

The home was the home of an ordinary, but truly Catholic workman. With the proceeds of his farm and his wages as a butcher, the father supported his wife and children. She was a deeply Christian mother, who while she could not give her children wealth, gave them what was still more valuable, a truly Catholic character. The spirit of the training she imparted to her children cannot be better shown than by some incidents.

Our Clement was only six and a half years old when the father died. How deeply the little fellow's heart must have been grieved to be so soon deprived of the father he so dearly loved! The pious

mother saw it, and taking the boy by the hand, led him before a crucifix. Mother and son stood there awhile, and as the little boy's eyes rested on the figure of the dying Saviour, whose story he had so often heard from his mother's lips, we may well suppose that grief for the loss of his father gave way to compassion for the suffering Redeemer. Then the mother pointed to the cross and said:

"Look, my child, from now on, He will be your father. Take care that you always walk in the way that is pleasing to Him and never offend Him by sin."

THE SIGN OF THE FUTURE

He was only fourteen when he had to leave school and home to look for work. He did not follow his father's trade as three of his brothers had done; but became a baker in Znaim. It was here that he revealed the secret longing of his heart—to be a priest. It happened thus.

As baker's apprentice he had to deliver bread in various homes. On these trips the boss's little child always wished to accompany him. So Clement slung the basket of bread over his shoulder and taking the little boy in his arm hurried on his errands. The people seeing, laughed and someone shouted:

"Look at St. Christopher!"

"Where is St. Christopher!" asked the surprised baker's apprentice, looking around.

"Why you are the Christopher!" they answered him.

"Ah," sighed Clement to himself, "if only I were a St. Christopher and could carry our Lord in my arms!" And as he carried the bread from house to house, he longed to carry the true Bread of Life to sick and dying as priests do.

In these two incidents we see the foreshadowing of the future: His childlike and complete confidence in God, his love for youth, his aspirations to be a priest after the heart of God and to set no bounds to the good he might do.

And when we think of the little butcher's boy—the baker's apprentice—we marvel at what he later accomplished.

WAITER AND STUDENT

The priesthood—that was the goal that burned before him like the north star at night. But poor as he was, there seemed to be no chance at all of ever reaching it.

Our Lord, however, would be father to him, as long as he walked in the path that pleased Him. And Clement felt that his longings would come true. Cost what it might, he would make the effort.

He was eighteen when having worked four years at Znaim, he knocked at the door of the convent of Bruck, not far from his home. It was here that he worked as baker and waiter at table during free hours—while attending classes and studying at nights. In four years he finished the course, and now the question was—how to advance to his higher studies.

A RAINY DAY AND A HAPPY ENDING

Divine Providence helped him. For after making a pilgrimage on foot to Rome, he returned to his native land, stopping for a time in Vienna. Here it was through one of those little events that occur through God's leading—in which God, making use of men's characters, uses them for His own purposes, that he was brought a step nearer his goal.

It had rained all morning, and as the crowds came out of the Highmass, a heavy downpour greeted them. All that could find shelter hurried away, while others darted out into the rain. Three women, the Misses Von Maul—they were sisters and unmarried—were waiting if perchance the rain might not let up. At last, Clement, having delayed some time to satisfy his devotion, came out. He saw the three women, and realizing their predicament, he approached them.

"Pardon me," he said politely, "I am afraid this rain will not stop. Shall I hire a carriage to take you home?"

"We shall be greatly relieved by your kindness," they answered, recognizing the altar boy whose devotion they had admired so long.

Clement dashed out into the rain and soon a carriage drew up beside the church. The three women prevailed on Clement to go home with them. On the way, they asked him about his pursuits and prospects.

"I want to be a priest," Clement told them—"that was my wish since childhood. But I am poor, I have no money to pursue my studies, and I am working in the city, waiting an opportunity to take up my studies again."

"Why," said his new friends, "if that is all that is the matter, we can easily help. You stay with us and we shall give you all you need."

Imagine the feelings of the young man—who now saw all obstacles vanish so suddenly, by one stroke of Divine Providence. He accepted their kindness, and once more took up his studies, continuing almost up to ordination.

AN UNHEALTHY ATMOSPHERE

The University of Vienna at that time, though Catholic in name, was hardly a place to prepare for the priesthood. It would take too long to describe the sad conditions to which Religion had been reduced in Austria, through the meddling of the State in the affairs of the Church. Suffice it to say that, the government of Joseph II invaded sacristy and sanctuary; it prescribed how many vestments could be possessed and how many candles could be burned; it prescribed the number and kind of sermons that could be preached; it forbade confessions and devotions; it took upon itself the education of candidates for the priesthood. Naturally, the qualifications it required of professors were not ability or priestly spirit, but simply, political favor. Thus it happened, that by grace of the government, a Freemason, taught theology, a Jansenist Canon Law, and other professors taught doctrines openly Protestant. The government had its heel on the Church's neck, and for a while it must serve in bondage.

Clement saw all this and it pained him. However, he had to make his studies and all other seminaries in Austria were in a similar condition. What was he to do? At length it became too much for him.

One day, the professor of philosophy, in his lecture propounded doctrines that did not square with the teachings of our holy Faith. For a while Clement listened; but then he could stand it no longer. He arose, and with a determined voice, announced boldly:

"Professor, what you are saying there, is contrary to Catholic teaching."

And taking his hat he left the room. Soon after, he thanked the three friends, who had so long kept him, for their kindness and set out for Rome in order to finish his studies in a Catholic atmosphere. It was there he chanced to enter the church of the Redemptorists, and feeling an inward impulse to join the Order, he applied. Though a complete stranger he was readily accepted—and this was to him an assurance that, at last, he was "in the path that Our Lord had marked out for him." It really is a strange thing—the poor Austrian lad, with only a few coppers in his pocket, wearied and worn from the long journey afoot from Vienna to Rome, a stranger in a strange land, taken into this Italian community! Thaddeus Huebl, his staunch friend, had accompanied him to Rome, and with him was received into the Congregation.

But what happened to that professor? I hear someone ask. It

must have been rather stinging, that blow in the face, so to say, which Clement gave him.

But long years after, the Professor, now old and gray, happened one day to meet Father Clement in the streets of Vienna. He was not quite sure whether he recognized his former pupil.

"Are you Father Hofbauer," he asked approaching him.

Clement admitted his identity. Whereupon the Professor grasped his hand warmly, and reminded him of the scene enacted in the lecture room in 1784.

"Do you remember," he said, "what you told me that morning: 'Sir, what you are saying is contrary to Catholic teaching?' And do you recall how you bowed yourself out while all the students laughed and giggled? That was a bitter pill for me; but it did me good. I thought the matter over, and found that you were right, and now I have changed my views. I want to thank you, my dear Hofbauer, for the good you did me by your bravery."

But to get back to our subject. So the baker's apprentice entered the novitiate of the Redemptorist Fathers in Rome. It was late in 1784. In March, 1785, after five months' novitiate, during which he edified all by his holiness, he made his profession of vows. One year later, having completed his theological studies, he was raised to the priesthood. With him was his companion, Huebl.

THE GOAL AT LAST

However, he did not think the goal entirely won until he could carry the work of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer into his native land. He had already, shortly after his ordination, informed his Superiors of his desires in this regard. His Italian conferees laughed at the idea, and considering the religious conditions of Austria at the time, we can hardly blame them for laughing; the project must have seemed folly.

"But," say the chronicles of the time, "St. Alphonsus did not laugh." In a spirit of prophecy he declared: "God will not fail through these two men to spread His glory throughout those distant regions." And at another time he added: "After my death the Congregation will spread its wings, especially in northern lands."

Anyway, Clement and his companion Huebl set out on foot for Vienna, probably in the summer of 1785. Arriving there they found that since their last stay more than a hundred monasteries and convents had been confiscated by the miserable government. And here were they, the butcher's boy of Tasswitz and his humble companion, come to establish the work of the Redemptorists in the land. What in the wide world were they to do?

C. Ss. R.

THE DREAM FACE

"Santley Studio." Passers-by in Washington Street had been familiar with that sign for some years, and those who were in touch with the art world, knew its owner, Leonard Santley—a young, genial artist—and perhaps had often stood at the broad window and watched him at his work. Though painting seemed to be his one occupation, it was quite certain that he was at it for pure love of the art, for no need of money. Young as Santley was, his word, in art circles had great weight and his work received considerable appreciation.

Just now art circles in the city were busy. A prize had been offered by the National Art Association for the best canvas at their forthcoming exhibition. Leonard Santley was as enthusiastic as any; he wanted that prize, not for the sake of the \$2,000, but for the prestige it would give. He had never yet won a highest award, and he wanted to be more than a second. Here was his opportunity. And hard at work he was, day after day, before his canvas. Half of it was already quite complete when he seemed to meet a barrier. Inspiration seemed to desert him. Hour after hour he sat before the picture; one crayon line after another was attempted, only to be blotted out again. Somewhat impatiently he snatched up the book of sketches he had made of various persons who had sat as models for him, and turned them over one after the other studiously. The expression on his face showed he was far from satisfied.

"No!" he said half aloud, "it isn't there; not what I want!"

In despair he rose from his stool, and walked upstairs to the resting room above his studio, where he threw himself into an easy chair by the window looking out over the street.

From here he watched the throngs as they hurried along the thoroughfare, looking for the face of his dreams. It was a big idea he had. He meant to win that prize not only by the finished technique of his art, but by the conception, the idea of his canvas as well. He wanted to paint something that would bring out the sordidness of wordliness as he saw it, as he had seen it, seeing it daily in the eyes of hundreds who rushed madly through the city's streets in quest of gold, and to contrast it with the beauty of heavenliness.

"I feel it," he said to himself; "I glimpsed that ideal once—when I lay in the hospital—and the nursing sister bent over me, as I burned with fever. In her youthful eyes was a far-away look, as if she saw not me; as if gratitude or ingratitude could not touch her, for she was

listening to another voice; as if above every bed, in every tortured form of humanity, she saw the vision of Christ; as if—as if—“he stumbled on—“I simply can’t say it; it eludes expression.”

While he sat there musing, a tramp happened by the studio; no one would have called the man anything but a tramp. He drew back a step to get a better view of the name written across the window, then peered into the studio for a while, as if uncertain what he should do. At length he seemed to have mentally settled his difficulty, and with step, not unsteady, but clearly weak, he walked in through the open door.

No one was about. The man’s glance passed from picture to picture, till finally it rested on the unfinished canvas straight before him. As he looked, a spark seemed to glint in his eyes; his finger twitched nervously, and his face flushed—as happens when of a sudden a great thought takes possession of your mind. As if drawn invisibly and irresistibly, he sat down to the painting, and, the inspiration that seemed to have deserted the other artist, came to this one—for artist he was, disreputable as he seemed. Under the deft touches of his crayon, the outline of the picture was taking shape, and as the picture grew, all else faded from the tramp’s consciousness.

He heeded not, he did not even see Leonard Santley as he walked silently down the steps into the studio; nor did Santley at first take note of the man, for he himself was wrapt in his own thoughts. It must have been a whole minute before he took note that another man was seated before his canvas and completing his unfinished masterpiece.

“Good heavens!” he said to himself when he realized all; “why there is my very idea! Look at that conception! Look at those lines! that face! that face!” he repeated. At first he intended to watch the performance in silence; but involuntarily he broke out into an exclamation of surprise and wonder.

“Wonderful!” he cried aloud. “Wonderful!”

It made the painter start as if he had committed a crime. The poor tramp wheeled about, stood up, and faced Santley, like a school boy caught in the very act.

“Man,” exclaimed Santley excitedly, “there’s the prize! I see it! If anybody can beat that work at the exhibit, I shall give up painting in despair!”

The tramp was evidently dazed, and toyed nervously with the crayons.

"Why, man!" continued Santley, bustling around to get a better view of the work, "if you were not dressed so confoundedly humanly, I'd take you for an angel come to finish my picture!"

"Beg pardon, sir," at last the tramp managed to say, "is this yours? I meant no impertinence; I couldn't help it! I simply came in here to ask for some help, when I saw that unfinished canvas and one figure missing. That figure, I knew it, I saw it, I felt what it was; I have it in my heart; I've borne it around with me for years—the lone star of my night. Pardon me, friend," he continued, as he put down the crayons and prepared to leave, "give me a nickel, and I'll move along."

"You stay right here, brother," said Santley goodnaturedly, still marveling at the work; "this canvas is yours. I can't call it mine any more, and you must see it through to the prize."

"No, no," replied the tramp, coughing somewhat; "I must go; I hope I haven't spoiled anything. Just give me something to get a bed for the night and a drink."

"While he was speaking Santley measured the man's appearance sympathetically. It was only then that he noticed the flush on the man's wan and worn features; the glow on his protruding cheek bones, that told of the ravages of disease, the hidden flame consuming his vitality slowly but surely. Only then he noticed that the man's voice sounded hollow and raspy. And now that the crayons were out of his fingers and the spell of art gone, he saw that those bony fingers trembled as they fumbled a battered bat.

"Yes, old chap!" he chuckled in a kindly way, "I'll give you something for a bed—and I suppose it will look more like a sleeping place to you than anything you've been in for months! But you're under a contract now; you stay right here."

"The poor tramp shifted away at these words; eyes and gesture said plainly: "No, no; we must away; we must wander; we cannot stay."

"At least," went on Santley recognizing the meaning of the man's action, at least till you've finished this picture. Then, we'll let art speak. But now we'll let taste of a different kind dictate to us. You're hungry; so am I. Come along." And he locked his arm in that of the tramp-artist, and took him to his living rooms upstairs. Suddenly he stopped, as if an idea struck him.

"By the way; here's my handle: I'm Santley, Leonard Santley; what shall we call you? The announcement caused the tramp to look as if he could not believe his senses.

"You, Santley?" he repeated; I'm Clarence Champion!" And it was evident that he looked for recognition from the successful artist. He was not wrong.

"Champion!" exclaimed Leonard. "Good heavens! How different from the days back at the art school! But come, we'll talk it over later."

* * *

For days the tramp-artist worked on the canvas, prodded on and kept to his task by Santley, who seemed now to have given up all hopes of winning the prize for himself, sure as he was that the tramp's picture could not be outclassed. He was a genius, with evidently all an untamed genius' faults and fates. At length the picture was complete, and none too soon. Santley stood before it, unable to restrain the exclamations of wonder that rose unbidden to his lips. Poor Champion, however, seemed to collapse. He had thrown all his effort into the work; the surge of the spirit that seemed to sustain him while under the spell of his art, now flickered like a candle going out, and left him feeble and trembling.

It was evident to Santley that the man was in an advanced stage of consumption. Having seen that the picture was carried to the exhibition, he put the artist to bed.

"I want to know just one thing, Clarence," he said, as he sat by the tramp's bedside late that afternoon. "Where did you see that face? Is it a dream face or is it real?"

"I think it is a composite face," said the sick man reflectively. "I saw it first in my childhood when, having knelt at my mother's knees for prayers, I went to bed and the light was put out. There in the darkness this face would look on me, clear as the moonlight that fell across the floor. * * * Long, long years it seems to me now that I saw her. It was almost fading from my mind. But that day when I strolled in here * * * that evening, I seemed to see her again."

"The face, do you mean?" asked Santley, for he was not quite sure whether the man was speaking in fever or deliberately. "Or was it some real person?"

"It was real," the tramp assured him; "like * * * like * * * well I won't say it was like her * * *"

"Like whom?" asked Santley.

"Why, it seemed like my sister; but then, I didn't see, I only felt that way. You see, this how it was. I passed a church that afternoon, and being in need of money, I thought I would get some out of the poorbox. Wasn't it meant for me? Wasn't I poor?"

"Well," said Santley, thinking the man was appealing to him for justification; "you might have asked me, for instance, for help."

"Oh, I know now it wasn't right," he went on quietly; "but, anyway, I went in, walked up the aisle, knelt down near the box for offerings, and when I had assured myself that I was alone, I looked it over carefully. It was easy, and I drew out coin for coin. I never noticed where I was kneeling, only the money I thought of." Here a fit of coughing interrupted him.

"Then," he continued, "suddenly the door of the church opened; I got down on my knees as if in prayer, putting my head in my hands. Footfalls came up the stone pavement behind me. So much I knew, it was not a man's but a woman's step. Nearer it came; then a rustle of dresses, and beside me, tramp that I was—you remember my rags!—a woman knelt. She was not ashamed or afraid to kneel there; her dress even touched my rags and she made no move to draw it away. I turned stealthily to look through the fingers of my hand at her. Her face was turned upward—it burned upward—that's better; for her eyes were aflame, literally, with the light that was haunting me. I seemed to see the moonlight streaming once more into my little room, taking the shape of a white lady—oh, so white and pure!"

"Who was it?" asked Santley eagerly, while the sick man coughed again.

"She was a working girl evidently," continued Campion, "who had come in after her work to pay a visit. I followed the light of her eyes. I gasped! There, there before me was the lady of my childhood dreams—with features so like the girl's that the statue might have been taken for the image of her mother, and she her child. And neither of them fled from me, neither of them turned from me the tramp! That's the face I painted—reflected from that image of Our Lady in the face of that working girl." He stopped for sheer weakness. Santley tried to soothe him and prevail on him to stop now with his story. But he went on.

"That sight broke my spirit. I put the money back right openly.

"'Pray for me!' I whispered to her, as she turned toward me, surprised but not frightened. 'You saved me from a crime.' With that I hurried away out of the church.

"Well, I wandered on, till I saw your studio. A brother artist, I thought, would be kind to me—kind enough to give me a nickel at least. That's how it happened, Santley," he said, finishing his story with another spell of coughing. "That's the story of that face."

"At what time did you say that was that the girl dropped in at the church?" asked Santley, as if reflecting on the man's tale.

"Six or a bit after, it must have been. I had no wrist watch, but I could tell from my stomach!" replied Campion, attempting to smile.

"Why, what strikes you about the hour?"

"Well," Santley answered slowly, regarding his watch, "I'm going to see her for myself. It won't keep me long; I'll be back in a little while." He hurried out, down toward the church that raised its vaulted roof to heaven, like hands raised in prayer, just at the very edge of the business section of town. Upon pushing open the door and entering, he saw at once the shrine his companion had referred to. It was unmistakable. And going up to it he knelt down. There was the box, just before him.

He had not been there long, when there came the creaking sound of the opening door; then approaching steps, the rustle of a dress, and a girl knelt next to him. Santley glanced furtively at her. That, that surely was the face Campion had seen, upturned to the image of Our Lady. For a while he did not disturb her. Then touching her lightly on the sleeve, he said:

"Pardon me; but do you remember kneeling beside a tramp at this shrine some ten days ago—at this very hour of the day?"

She seemed to recollect the tramp's deed, and hence eyed Santley suspiciously and silently. Santley realized the trouble.

"I am not a detective," he added quickly; "don't be afraid. I am a friend of the poor fellow. I only wish to tell you that he is very sick. If you care to see him, come with me. I think he should be pleased to see you once more. You have been more to him than you thought!"

"Just a moment," replied the young lady. She turned for just a momentary prayer to the image, then she followed Santley out of the church. As they stepped into the room where the tramp-artist lay, they found him in delirium, uttering broken sentences, that seemed to make very little sense to Santley, but that made the girl stare with amazement as she pieced the fragments together. For he was speaking of a little home—of a mother—of a day when he ran away to make a career in the world—of a sister to whom alone he had confided his longing to be an artist, and to whom he had written before he fell in with the wrong companions. Then he lapsed into silence, only to open his eyes again slowly, and stare about him in a bewildered fashion, as if uncertain of his surroundings or of his consciousness.

The girl darted toward him, pulled out from under his shirt a soiled and faded scapular on the cover of which was embroidered "C. C."—once in bright blue silk, but now faded and worn as the rest of it.

She stepped back to take one look at the man's face—then, recognition came into his eyes also. He sat bolt upright in bed, and stretching out his arms, cried:

"Rose!"

"Clarence!" was her response as she folded her long lost brother to her heart.

It was just then that Santley realized what was going on. He had been looking through the mail which had come in while he was at the church, and there was a letter from the Art Association. Tearing open the seal, he needed but one glance to assure him what it meant.

"Campion! Campion!" he fairly shouted. But no one paid the slightest attention to him. It was then that he saw the two embracing each other. His honest surprise was a real delight to see.

"Well! Well!" he said feebly, a queer doubt written across his pleasant face; "What's this now?"

And he no longer knew whether he was more anxious to find out what the scene before him meant or to communicate the news from the letter.

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

The Saints throw immense efforts into their least actions.—*Fr. Faber.*

TO MY TABERNACLE ROSE

Stay sweetly, purest rose
Before this God-made Home: no rose less fair
Can speak my prayer to Him, who in this cell
Doth still my human woes.

Spend freely, fragrance thine
Beside this wondrous fane, no thyme less rare
Shall scent my deeds for Him, the fountain-well
Of all the grace that's mine.

Die gladly, dearest friend,
Beside my Jesus; reign: no queen less true
My love to Him can show, who e'en His life
For me did gladly spend.

Stay sweetly, whitest rose
Before my only Joy: no pledge less new
Shall be my heart and prayer amid the strife
For Heaven—sweetest rose!

—P. O. B., C. SS. R.

WHERE CENTURIES MEET

Rome unites centuries, but in all Rome, S. Clemente, named after St. Clement, Pope and Martyr, third successor of St. Peter and companion of St. Paul, merits this distinction the most.

The present church which was long considered the original 4th century basilica, dates from between 1084 and 1099; only the choir and the two "AMBONES" (pulpits) date from 532 or 535. Celebrated artists, e.g. Masaccio and Sassoferrato, enriched the clerestory and chapels with frescoes. Some say the beautiful mosaic apse, which according to Father Louis Nolan O. P., is "the most important monument in the basilica", was the work of Giotto. St. Clement's relics and those of St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch in Syria, repose under the High Altar. "Over the Altar, supported by four Pavonazetto columns, rises the Baldacchino or Ciborio, so called because from its roof was suspended the doveshaped golden or silver vase containing the Bl. Sacrament, the CIBUS or food of life. The chain, or at least a part of it, from which the Dove was suspended, as well as the rods and rings which carried the veils that surrounded the altar and the sacred vessel are still in SITU" i. e. in position.

The Bl. Sacrament Chapel, built in 1617, was first dedicated to Our Lady Queen of the Rosary; the other chapels are: St. Catherine's (virgin and martyr), St. John the Baptist's, St. Dominic's, and of Saints Cyril and Methodius.

Leaving the 11th century church by way of the sacristy, we descend a stairs and behold a Latin inscription that tells us where we are. In part an English translation of the inscription would read: "The paternal residence of St. Clement, the disciple and successor of the Prince of the Apostles, dedicated by himself to the service of God, honoured by the prayers of the Apostles Peter, Paul, and Barnabas, by two homilies of St. Gregory the Great, by the Council held by Pope St. Zosimus to combat the Pelagian heresy, enriched by the relics of Saints Clement, Pope; Flavius Clemens, of Consular rank; Ignatius of Antioch, Martyr; Servulus, Confessor; Cyril and Methodius, Apostles of the Slavs—but in the course of time neglected; and unknown for many centuries, was fortunately discovered in September 1857 by Father Joseph Mullooly O. P., a member of the Irish Province. He began the work of excavation. The Commission of Sacred Archaeology continued it for a time. He resumed and completed it. He con-

structed the stairs leading to the subterranean church, and the piers and arches which support the upper one. * * **

Near the foot of the stairs are: a statue of St. Peter as Good Shepherd, rare and unique, found in the *Dominicum* of St. Clement; a statue of Mithras, a bust of the Sun God, both found in the Mithraic Temple, and a plaster cast of the pagan altar in the same temple.

We next enter the 4th century basilica which already under Pope Siricius (384-398) underwent restorations and additions. Some of the original pillars and frescoes remain, notably of Our Lord, e. g. Crucifixion and Last Judgment; of Our Lady, e. g. The Assumption; and scenes from St. Clement's life. The pillars (relics from heathen temples) vary in style and material, possibly no two alike. This subterranean basilica whose outlines do not exactly coincide with those of the upper church, is one of the first Christian basilicas built in Rome and the oldest still extant.

"And still the wonder grew" (Goldsmith): we descended yet deeper into the earth. Father Louis Nolan O. P., then prior of S. Clemente, was our able guide and charmed us with the history he unfolded. We entered the so-called "third church of S. Clemente" for under the sanctuary of the 4th century basilica is the *Dominicum* or old Oratory of St. Clement, that part of St. Clement's home which in the *first* century was used by the Christians as a church. The fine stucco ceiling, and a goodly portion of the room are fairly well preserved. Next to the *Dominicum* is the Temple of Mithras (3rd century) built after the Christians' expulsion. The stone benches, the altar and symbols of this fire-worship are still there.

With the *Dominicum* we complete the chain of Christian centuries; but we proceed and view also remains of ancient Roman walls "the whole construction" of which "bears the stamp of the age of Kings. Some archaeologists hold that we have here part of the wall with which Servius Tullius surrounded Rome, while others assert that these remains must have formed part of some important building, perhaps the palace of Tarquin the Proud, or the Government Mint in the early days of the Republic." In short the remains of tufa blocks found here bring us back to the 6th century before Christ.

Standing amid these relics of centuries, and meditating the epochs thus represented, we are astounded and realize that "sceptre and crown may tumble down" but God and His Church survive for ever. The whispers of eternity, as we listen to the running stream beneath us, a

stream that for centuries kept these sacred ruins flooded but now goes off into the Tiber, reminds us of our Faith's glory and bid us think of the perennial spring issuing from God's House on the sacred hill, as described by Ezechiel: waters of life running from under the Temple, figurative of the waters of grace coming from the Church, the Temple of the New Law.

In 1912 Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Titular of S. Clemente, ordered that the draining of S. Clemente should begin at once and be done at his expense. "The work involved the cutting of a tunnel from a point in a large *Cloaca* at the far side of the Coliseum, near the Arch of Constantine, to S. Clemente, a distance of about 700 yards, and at a depth varying from 30 to 45 feet below the surface of the road." This tunnel "stands a great monument to a great Cardinal, who, since the days of Mercurius in the 6th, and Anastasius at the beginning of the 12th century, must be ranked as the most beneficent of the many great Cardinals of S. Clemente."

Truly in S. Clemente the centuries meet and their message of God's eternal love necessarily reverberates in hearts thankful for the true Church. S. Clemente "seated as it is upon the ruins of pagan antiquity and gathering within its folds the treasures of Christian art and archaeology for a period of nearly 19 centuries," is "one of the most characteristic monuments of Rome." Of the Roman basilicas it is "one of the most remarkable, one of the most ancient and one of the most important in the Eternal City": for here, if anywhere in Rome, the centuries meet before our very eyes.

NOTE—Quotations in the article are from *The Basilica of S. Clemente in Rome*, 2nd edition, 1914, by Father Louis Nolan, O. P.

PAUL O. BALZER, C. SS. R.

When men do anything for God—the very least thing—they never can tell where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for Him.

FR. FABER.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented.—*Thackeray*.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—*Ruskin*.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KARL

CHAPTER XXVII: THE COON HUNT

The morning after the Regatta when John Gogarty met his brother Joe, he went after him with poker and tongs.

"You contemptible ass," he raged, "what kind of an idea got into your bone-head to pull that Dutchman out of the river? Why didn't you let him go to the bottom and have done with him?"

"Close your face," retorted Joe, "you couldn't drown that fellow. He could swim from here to Mobile and not half try. The only thing that could drown him would be a cramp, and people don't get cramps in the Chattahoochee. There's too much Summer in it. It was enough that he lost the race. He was so ashamed of himself last night that he failed to show up at the ball. Ha! ha! I had things my own way. And I didn't let the grass grow under my feet either."

"I should judge from what I saw," said John, "that all arrangements have been made. Am I to be your best man? What date have you set for the wedding?"

"Not so fast," replied Joe, and he grinned, "but, I can assure you, that the little incident you complain of so bitterly, has set me all right again with the Maloneys, at least with Grace. Do you know what she told me last night? She said that she thought it very manly and noble in me to haul Karl out of the Chattahoochee, the way I did. Ha! ha! He that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." And Joe smiled serenely.

"It strikes me," retorted John, "that you're building a grand palace on a narrow foundation. But, let that pass. If you are satisfied with your accomplishment as to Karl, and congratulating yourself on your progress with the fair one, I'm sure I have no right to complain. But, what I would like to know now is, are you ready to begin those dry talks next Tuesday?"

"Certainly," answered Joe, "I have arranged everything with Sister Superior, and Dr. Grimm is ready to take my place. That \$500.00 looks good to me."

"Why shouldn't it?" replied John. "That \$500.00 looks good to anybody, and most of all to a poor wretch like you, eking out a miserable existence sawing bones and making bread-pills!"

"Oh, cook it," retorted Joe, hotly. "I'm of half a mind not to give those speeches for you at all."

"Can't you take a joke?" quickly interposed John, a little alarmed.

"Come, tell me how you are going to inveigle Schneiderhahn into 'The Devil's Mouth?' " and John laughed nervously.

"Of course, my plan may fail," said Joe; "the best laid plans of men and mice 'oft gang agley,' you know."

"True, very true," said John, "they often do."

"The mount that Karl intends to use, is a splendid animal," went on Joe, "but mine is just as fast, and much better for a coon hunt—a country horse, smaller than his. Now, I intend to take the lead, and I'm hoping that he'll follow me. If he does, his name is Dennis."

"How so?" said John.

"Well, you see," continued Joe, "the path, hardly discernible, even by daylight, leads through dense undergrowth, falling gradually, until it comes within a few feet of this quicksand. Just then is a sudden turn, concealed by the bushes, known to me, but not to him. I will make this turn and he won't. Do you get me?"

"Yes, I see," said John.

"Now, if his horse is running, and he doesn't make the turn, one more plunge will bring him into 'The Devil's Mouth,' that's all."

"That's a clever scheme," replied John, paling a little at the thought, and giving his brother a searching look, "but, it's—it's dreadful to think of it."

"Pshaw" retorted Joe, sending out a ring of tobacco smoke, "all's fair in love and war!"

Joe Gogarty was somewhat mistaken in regard to Karl. Not shame, but, well—call it a twings of jealousy, if you will, kept Karl away from the ball. It was too much after the events of the day to see Joe Gogarty on such familiar terms with Grace—the last straw to break the camel's back. And, when Karl turned homeward, it was with the mental conviction—"they're all alike—vanity and fickleness." He went straight home, entered his den, pitched his elegant cut-a-way and vest on a chair, threw his collar and cuffs on top of them, hoisted the window, rolled up his sleeves and opening a book of 'Beethoven's Sonatas,' endeavored to relieve his anguish and still his pain with music's opiate.

When midnight struck, Marguerite threw open the door:

"My son," said she, "do you know how late it is? You ought to be tired after the day." And going over, she softly kissed his forehead. "You ought to be in bed."

"So I ought, dear mother," he replied, and closing the piano with a bang, he betook himself to a restless, sleepless night.

When Grace returned from the Turner's Ball, with Uncle Stan-

hope, a little before midnight, after having left Miss Queen at the Infirmary, she wondered to hear the strains of music floating from Karl's den, and when a few moments later she knelt before her little altar, she breathed a prayer of sympathy and pity for his disappointment. Had Karl but known it, he had gained more by his humiliation, than if he had returned a conquering hero. He could have said with Othello: "She loved me for the dangers I had passed." Such a woman.

The next morning, the morning after the Regatta, when the bell rang at seven o'clock the Maloney family assembled at breakfast, as usual. Grace being said, Uncle Stanhope remarked:

"That was a brilliant assemblage, last night, at the Turner's Ball, but deliver me, I felt like a boiled lobster done up in eggs." All laughed.

"Uncle Stanhope," said Grace, "you looked the prince of good fellows."

"You're right," chimed in Patrick, "the young bloods have nothing on him."

"Oh," replied Uncle Stanhope, smiling, "I thank you for the compliment, but that's not my forte dodging these half-dressed women. I nearly completed the stripping of one of them, when I stepped on her trail. If Miss Queen had not piloted me away, I think it would have been 'coffee and pistols for two' between her escort and myself. I feel better behind a plow than in a 'biled' shirt."

"Or, taking part in a coon hunt," said Patrick. "By the way, are you going to take part in the Turners' Coon Hunt on the 28th?"

"Am I?" said Uncle Stanhope, "I've contracted with the Turners to supply them the three best coon-dogs in Brandywine County and I myself will be the whipper-in."

"Good, good," said Patrick. "About twenty are registered for the hunt and we'll have a glorious time."

"I'm going," shrilled Willie, "I got an invite."

"Invitation, my son," said Mrs. Maloney.

"You!" said Grace, "Well, who in the world would invite you?"

"Yes, I did get an invite—invitation, too," retorted Willie, looking very hard at Grace. "Your—I mean Karl Schneiderhahn invited me—er—well—he asked me to come and be his page."

"Page!" exclaimed Mr. Maloney. "Well, did you ever hear the beat of that? Who ever heard of a page at a Coon Hunt? Pages are for kings and archbishops to carry their trails."

"Well, that's what he said!" answered Willie, "page!"

"Aw, he meant lackey, or stable-boy to hold his horse," broke in Patrick. "The idea, page at a Coon Hunt in Ogden Swamp!"

"Umph!" said Catherine, "You'd hardly make a paragraph, much less a page."

At which there was a general laugh. Willie held up his right hand deprecatingly flourishing his knife.

"And, Uncle Stanhope," he continued, "won't you bring in a horse for Jimmie Bilkins and make him your page?"

"What! I'm neither a king nor an archbishop," laughed Stanhope, "nothing doing here!"

"Aw pshaw!" moaned Willie, "What's a poor feller to do? He can't hire no horse."

"A horse, you mean," said Anne.

"Oh, all right," said Uncle Stanhope, "I'll bring in Tilden for him and he can help me manage the dogs."

"Hurrah!" cried Willie; and he clapped his hands. "Uncle Stanhope, you're a game sport. Now, Pa, ain't that settled, that I k'n go?"

"You must reckon with somebody near you," said Mr. Maloney smiling.

"Oh! Ma don't care. She knows I can take care of myself."

"Well, I should think you'd had enough of Ogden Forest," snapped Anne.

"Aw, all that stuff about Jerry is ancient history," Willie retorted. "Ma, do you care?"

"Oh, well," sighed Mrs. Maloney, "as long as you're with Uncle Stanhope and Patrick and Karl, I reckon it's all right. But I'd feel better to know that you're up in your bed."

So it was settled that Uncle Stanhope, Patrick, Karl, Jimmie Bilkins and Willie would prepare for the Coon Hunt which was to be held on the night of June 28. You may be sure that Willie and Jimmie Bilkins celebrated the next day and both eagerly looked forward to an event that was the talk of the town. The 28th had been chosen because that was the date of the full moon and a moon was necessary for a Coon-Hunt in Ogden Forest. The few intervening weeks soon passed away. Each day was full of its own little events. Joe Gogarty went through his dry talks in the southern precincts of the county and won golden opinions. His brother was well pleased with the results, because Joe's eloquence in expounding prohibition principles had gained him many votes.

The 28th of June at last arrived and although the weather man had predicted showers, and the sun had risen in a bank of clouds, the

day turned out warm and sunshiny. Uncle Stanhope had driven in the evening before with his pair of beautiful bays, Tilden and Hendricks—Tilden for Jimmie Bilkins and Hendricks for his own mount—and in his spring-wagon were the three coon-dogs tied together and trotting along behind Black Bess for Patrick. Karl had arranged with Boggs, the stable-man for his best horse, a magnificent sorrel worth \$1,500.

At 8 o'clock, as the moon was just rising and pouring a flood of silvery light on hill and valley, town and river, making it almost as light as day, an animated scene was taking place in front of the Turners' Club. A brilliant cavalcade it was, every man on a fine horse perfectly groomed and accoutred and carrying a fine double-barrelled shot gun. Billy Buttons never looked better, his glossy yellow coat shining like gold and his long mane and tail like floss. And he felt his oats, too, for he was quite restive, arching his neck, pawing the ground and plunging around a little to the amusement of the bystanders and the discomfiture of the other horsemen. I wouldn't say that his young master was not at the bottom of it, for he liked his share of attention and he got it too.

"What are you going to do with that lariat, Willie?" called out one of the Turners. "Do you expect to lasso the coon?"

"Oh, no," replied Willie, "but I never go into the woods without it. A rope, you know, is always handy in the woods."

"Yer jest durn right there," exclaimed old Mr. Sears, who was standing nearby on the sidewalk looking on with great gusto. "Yer never kin tell; I could a caught a bar onct ef I had er rope. An you bet that boy jest knows how to sling that ar Mexican lariat too. They ain't nothin' standin' or movin' he can't ketch."

A little after eight the signal was given to move, and with great cheering, horn-blowing (for each rider had a cow-horn slung around his neck), encouraging cries from the stay-at-homes, laughing and jocular remarks, and the ring of the horses' feet, the twenty hunters or more started towards River Road. Uncle Stanhope on Hendricks, with Jimmie Bilkins perched on top of Tilden like a little monkey took the lead and held his three coon-dogs in leash at the end of a long rope. The dogs, filled with the spirit of the occasion, tugged at their rope and barked vociferously. The horses, too, had caught the spirit, rearing and snorting, and some riders had trouble enough holding in their mettlesome steeds. On the way to River Road the cavalcade passed within about a half-block of the Maloney home, and quite a group of the ladies of the neighborhood, among them

Mrs. Maloney, Marguerite and the Maloney girls, had collected on the corner to give the hunters a send-off.

Karl, Joe Gogarty and Willie, by some inexplicable fortune, brought up the rear, and many were the encouraging remarks thrown at them as they passed.

Now, River Road, if you remember, runs north and south, a street in the city, but becoming a fine, wide country road, as it leaves the city limits, skirting Ogden Forest, both north and south, and the main artery for the travel through those sections.

South the riders turned on River Road, and soon with Uncle Stanhope in the lead with his dogs were strung out for a long distance jogging along, some laughing and talking, some singing, others winding their horns and taking a horn from convenient hip-pockets at frequent intervals. Thus, in a little while the four miles were covered before they came to the corduroy road going west into the heart of the great cypress swamp. Mysterious and lonesome by day, with its eternal twilight, its thick canopy of interlacing boughs, on which the little grey squirrels jump and run and chatter; its fallen trees, sometimes of huge dimensions; and above all the almost impenetrable underground with bogs and quicksands and the peculiar and dangerous cypress-knees, sharp-pointed, coming through the ground from the cypress roots, and anywhere from one foot to six in height; the cypress swamp by night with the pale moonlight filtering through, and its myriads of crawling and creeping things becomes awful and terrible. Down the corduroy road, built for hauling lumber, a half-mile towards the river led Uncle Stanhope. Then unleashing his dogs, he gave them their head. In a few minutes the dogs took up a trail emitting the peculiar bark known to hunters, and giving a long blast on his horn Uncle Stanhope dashed in after them followed by the entire party, with the exception of Gogarty, Karl and Willie. Gogarty had engaged Karl in an animated conversation, and thus distracting him had held back until the crowd had passed far ahead. Suddenly Gogarty reined in his horse.

"They're on the trail," he exclaimed. "I hear the dogs. We'll meet them. Follow me, single file. I know the way. Both of you put your guns at half-cock and rest them on your left arm, stock forward." And the scoundrel plunged into the narrow path leading straight down to "Devil's Mouth." Karl bit like a bass that leaps for a painted minnow, and plunged in after him, Willie and Billy Buttons bringing up the rear. Gogarty, indeed, knew the way and spurred his horse ahead, breaking through the foliage that overhung

the path. Karl on a taller horse got a terrible thrashing from the branches as they swung back, but he was game and went thundering on about ten or fifteen yards behind Gogarty. Billy Buttons about the same distance behind Karl, being smaller, got through more easily. Suddenly Gogarty reined in momentarily; then, making a sudden turn, darted off to the left at a right angle. Karl reached the same spot in about two seconds, but kept straight ahead, and in an instant down a sharp incline, through the brush his horse plunged, belly deep into the terrible quicksand, and began a struggle for its life. As he went in Karl gave a great cry and threw his gun to one side. This cry saved Willie, for Billy Buttons, who had lots of horse sense, flung himself back on his haunches and sat like a rabbit, ears forward, and gave vent to a piercing neigh. Willie slipped to the ground and ran forward.

"Karl," he cried, "where are you? What's the matter?"

"For God's sake, don't come here," yelled Karl. "I'm in an awful quicksand, and my horse is sinking rapidly. My feet are already in, and I can't pull them out."

Willie saw at a glance, that Karl was in extreme peril. The quicksand was bare of trees and the moon which was now quite high poured over it a flood of spectral light. On the side opposite to Willie there was an open space, the vegetation being sparse.

"Untie your shoes," shrieked Willie, "and pull your feet out."

"A good idea," replied Karl. No sooner said than done. Karl got on top of his saddle and sat perched there like a squirrel on a hickory limb. The horse was making convulsive efforts with his legs, but each movement only worked him deeper into the sand. Six inches more and his entire body will be submerged.

"Don't move, Karl," cried Willie, "I'll get you out." In another minute Karl saw Willie emerge from the brush on the opposite side in the open space. Dismounting from Billy Buttons he walked as close to the quicksand as possible.

"Look out, Karl, I'm going to lasso you." There was a whistle in the air and the loop dropped over Karl's head.

"Now," said Willie, "get the rope under your arms, and when I give the word turn right over on your back. Billy Buttons'll do the rest."

Willie mounted, took a turn or two of the lariat around the pommel of the saddle, turned Billy Buttons' head, and drew the lariat taut.

"Now, when I count three, Karl—one-two-three!" Karl rolled over on his back, but before he had time even to begin to sink, with

Billy Buttons tugging at the other end he slid over the surface of the quicksand like a Montreal toboggan and in a jiffy was on solid ground, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow and Willie at his side. His first act, after recovering his breath was to throw himself on his knees and with bowed head, in silence, to thank God for his preservation from a horrible death. Then, clasping Willie in his arms he kissed the lad, exclaiming:

"Willie, boy, you saved my life."

Just then the poor horse which had sunk to his head, gave a frightful scream like the cry of a despairing soul, and with one convulsive effort sank from sight in the fearful morass.

"Oh," said Karl, "what a pity! That magnificent horse! And I just missed the same frightful fate by the skin of my teeth!" and he shuddered.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

(To be Continued.)

THIS WAY TO THE ASYLUM

A great many things are uncertain about spiritism in general and the ouija board in particular. Sir Oliver Lodge has come to our shores to bring us light in regard to them, and to show us how new this spiritism is which the barbarians of old practised. He may prate, learnedly or unlearnedly, about all that might possibly be accomplished, or that could possibly be accomplished by it. But our question is: What does it accomplish? What is certain about it?

Some things are certain; and they are serious. Thus:

Dr. A. T. Schofield, a leading London physician, says: One hundred thousand cases of insanity in Great Britain have been caused by spiritualism.

Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the psychopathic laboratory of Cook County, says the ouija board is the key to the lunatic asylum. "If the ouija board craze continue, we will find practically every demented, semidemented, undeveloped and *praecox* case in the country talking to the other world."

To be honest then, write it on every ouija board and over every seance-room: This way to the Asylum.

While the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you.—*Arabic Proverb.*

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WHEN RECEIPTS ARE NEEDED

On his last visit to this country, Henri Vignaud, for so many years secretary to the embassy at Paris, told a story of one Renaud, who came to Paris as senator from a district in the Pyrenees.

Renaud, according to "Lippincott's Magazine," engaged a room at a hotel in Paris, and paid his rent—forty dollars—in advance. The proprietor asked him whether he would take a receipt.

"A receipt is unnecessary," replied Renaud. "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the hotel-keeper.

"Most assuredly," answered Renaud. "Don't you?"

"Not I, monsieur!" said the hotel-keeper proudly.

"Ah," said Renaud then, "in that case, please, make me out a receipt."

THOSE USELESS SPECTACLES AND TELESCOPES

Francis Arago, one of the greatest scientists of the last century, was one day visiting a friend of his, the Abbe Moigno. Moigno was himself a scientist with an international reputation, but besides that, a Catholic priest, with a faith that only grew stronger as his scientific fame advanced. Arago became somewhat impatient at the learned priest's faith that day, and declared:

"Faith! Faith! Don't you see that to believe is a deep humiliation for a scientist? Why, what else is faith, except an avowal that there are truths which I cannot grasp, which are greater than my mind, which I must admit on the word of another!"

"True," replied the priest; "but tell me, must you not admit that it is a fact as clear as the noonday sun, that the mind of man has its limits—just the same as the eye's vision has its limits?"

Arago could not deny the fact. However, it was evident that he was not satisfied. The learned Abbe saw this.

"Look here," he said therefore; "Only yesterday you were pleased to count up for me the wonderful powers of the human eye. You showed me how far superior it is to all instruments that man's genius ever invented. You praised its wonderful receptive power—how it

can take into its small surface the whole horizon; how it can adapt itself in an instant to every degree of distance, without a complicated system of screwing up or down; and so on. And yet, my friend," he continued, "your whole life work seems to be simply a series of denials of the perfection of the eye. For you constantly proclaim its imperfection by arming it with a thousand optical instruments in an attempt to improve its power. You use spectacles, microscopes, telescopes, polariscopes, spectroscopes, and so forth. Why, if the eye is so perfect, then break all these instruments!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Arago. "It would be sheer barbarity to break all these ingenious instruments that multiply and increase the powers of the eye.

"Good!" said the priest-scientist. "Would it not be equal folly and barbarity, then, to destroy Faith, which is after all, only a telescope meant to multiply and perfect the power, not of the bodily eye, but of the eyes of the soul?"

KEEP IN THE SUNSHINE

There was a flower show in one of our big cities. It was a great surprise to all, when the prize went, by common consent, to a flower presented by a poor little girl, living in the slums of the city.

"How in the world did you manage to raise that beautiful plant in the dark alley where your home is?" they asked her.

"Just this way," she replied; "between the two tall tenement buildings where I live, just a bit of sunshine comes in and by moving the plant as the sun moved, I succeeded in raising this beautiful plant."

We all have, at least, a little bit of sunshine in our lives, something to be thankful for. By turning our faces to it instead of keeping in the gloom and shadows, we can manage somehow to keep growing.

A TIMELY WORD

In St. Clement Hofbauer's time, it was practically a crime in Austria, to preach anything distinctly Catholic, to hear confessions, or hold devotions before the Blessed Sacrament. But Clement had no fear whatsoever; he knew he had a commission from one higher than any government meddling in religion—from Jesus Christ himself. He performed his priestly work so openly and boldly, that a government

official, who kept detectives constantly in the church where the saint preached, said of him:

"That man deserves to be locked in chains of iron and put into prison!"

One day a nobleman, speaking in a public place, thought himself witty and began to ridicule religion. St. Clement, nothing daunted, went up to the man, and said distinctly and determinedly:

"My dear sir, that which you are so lightly ridiculing now, has been attested and hallowed with much blood, and that the most precious Blood in the world."

The man was abashed by the reprimand and later became a devout Catholic and pupil of the saint.

QUEEN MARY'S CRUCIFIX

When the death sentence was announced to Mary, Queen of Scots, in her prison, she received it with a serenity of countenance and dignity of manner which awed all beholders. Her attendants burst into tears; but she bade them be silent, saying:

"This is not a time to weep but to rejoice. In a few hours you will see the end of my misfortunes. My enemies may now say what they please; but the Earl of Kent has betrayed his secret, that my religion is the real cause of my death. Be then resigned and leave me to my devotions."

On the morning of her execution she dressed in her richest gown and took with her, her crucifix and prayer book. On the very scaffold Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant dean of Peterborough pursued her and preached at her, saying that Queen Elizabeth had sent him to bring her to the true fold of Christ, out of the communion of that church in which, if she remained, she must be damned. But Queen Mary turned aside and began to pray, at first in French and then in English. She also prayed for Queen Elizabeth, by whose orders she was being put to death. In conclusion, holding up her crucifix, she exclaimed:

"As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the Cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy and forgive me my sins."

"Madam," said the Protestant Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such polish trumperies and bear Him in your heart."

"I cannot hold in my hand and venerate the representation of His sufferings, without at the same time bearing Him in my heart."

Then kneeling down and exposing her head to the executioner's axe, she said:

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

==	Pointed Paragraphs	==
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THE 1920TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HAIL MARY

The feast of the Annunciation, March 25, is the feast of the Hail Mary.

On that day, about 1920 years ago, it was brought to earth, and sounded for the first time on the air, in words formed by an Archangel, speaking the thought and the Will of God. No other being was deemed worthy to bring it to us, but one of those spirits that live in the presence of the Most High.

"Hail Mary! full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

Like a constant stream rich in gold it flows through God's church. Like a golden thread it is woven into the Church's Liturgy—in and out through the lives of her faithful children—through the banners of gladness and the shroud of sorow. It has hovered over the birth of children, has flickered in the light of the death candle, has danced like a ray of sunlight in prison cells—was wafted like sweet perfume over the invalid's bed, has trembled like soft music over those bowed down with grief, shone like a guiding star to those in doubt and danger.

Following the example of no one lower than the Most High Himself, we say: Hail Mary!

THE CROWN OF MANHOOD

The heroes of the world rise one above the other, a glorious pyramid of humanity; and above them rise those nobler heroes, the Saints of God, even to the foot of God's throne. But at the pinnacle of all mere man's accomplishment, stands one, who wrote his name on the scrolls of history, with neither sword nor pen; one whose life is written in a single sentence almost: St. Joseph—only a daddy—the Foster-father of Jesus.

To him were confided the most precious treasures ever confided to human care: the spotless Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus. These he guarded through the dangers and perils of the flight into Egypt, when they fled before the King who sought the Child's life; these he guarded through the years of exile in a strange land; these he guarded through the days of Nazareth—the humdrum, toilsome,

wearying days of a father's life; these he guarded till he slept in the arms of his Foster-Son.

To every Christian Father God confides treasures more valuable than all the diamonds in the bowels of the earth: the happiness of wife and child—the home on which the state rests as on its firm foundation. Take care of those treasures, and you too are foster-fathers of Jesus: whatsoever you have done to the least of my brethren—surely holds of those whom He Himself has placed in your care. Take care of these, and you help to build up the mystic Christ, the Church.

SOCIAL VISITS

A business man, writing in a popular magazine recently, reveals some very sane ideas on prayer.

There are a half-dozen of the more important of my younger associates who have married and built their homes in our part of the town; and almost every evening one or more of them—sometimes quite a group—drop in with their wives. My wife and I have come to regard these evening visits as the most pleasant features of our life. We look forward to their coming and we are conscious of a feeling of disappointment if an evening passes and no one of them drops in.

They talk to us about all sorts of things—their work, their children, their household troubles and triumphs, their investments—everything, in fact, that enters into the makeup of normal, growing lives. Sometimes one of them has a real problem, or a trouble too big for his experience to solve alone. At such times he comes to us as frankly and as unaffectedly as though we were his own parents; and we should feel slighted if he did not come. There is as much joy to us in helping him to lift his load as there is relief to him in having it lifted.

To be sure the news that they bring me about themselves is not always news. I know more of what is going on in their lives than they suspect. But I like just as much to hear it from their own lips. Those evening visits never grow tiresome to me. My wife and I, and each of them and their wives, have come to look upon them as sessions rich in vision and in happiness.

And those sessions have helped me much to understand the visits of his children to God, which we call prayer. I think of Him no longer as a great monarch on his throne; nor even as a great executive issuing orders, and tremendously engaged with the business of managing the

universe. He is too good an executive ever to be busy. Rather I picture Him as a friend blessed with the calm confidence that comes from infinite wisdom and experience, ready to be more interested in me than in any other thing in the world, yet endowed with the infinite capacity for an equal interest in every other one of His children. I have come to picture Him this way, and it has helped me tremendously in my talks with Him.

I can understand now a phrase that puzzled me when the school teacher spoke of it. She said that she felt that God were as glad to speak to her as she to Him. I know what she meant. He has built the world and furnished it; but for some reason known only to Himself He has limited His own capacity for operating it. He has created human will—a thing free and capable of resisting even His infinite power. Only through the operation of these millions of human wills can he get the results accomplished in the universe which He wants accomplished. Only in those human wills can He find companionship.

So He waits, knowing in advance all the news that will be carried to Him; yet loving to have it carried; eager to be talked to and to talk; seeking opportunity through the still small voice of conscience to make his suggestions known—a great, friendly counselor and helper.

This is grasping truly one aspect, at least, of prayer.

I DON'T CARE

Mother (to Sweet Sixteen): "How often have I told you, my child, if you keep on as you are acting, contrary to the admonitions of father and mother, you will only come to grief and unhappiness."

Sweet Sixteen (preparing to go out): "I don't care—I'll do it anyway."

When you reflect upon that expression it seems to be the most nonsensical phrase that anyone could utter. What can it possibly mean?

I don't care—for mother and father but only for my own self? No matter what grief she brings to the heart of those who gave her life, health, education, and standing at the cost of untold pains to themselves—she will have her pleasure. How selfish!

I don't care—for father's and mother's valuable experience and wisdom; I'll follow my own ideas. How foolish!

I don't care—for my own self; what happens to me; I am going to have a good time. How unreasonable, or rather, irrational!

I don't care—for my future—what that will bring—if only I can enjoy the present moment. How unwise!

I don't care—for my soul—what happens to that—what harm I do it—what dangers I run; if only I win a few moments of delight, human praise and human admirers. How rash!

I don't care—for God—what He may think of my conduct, and what my guardian angel may register in the books of heaven. How terrible!

I don't care—for the devil himself—Good! says he, that is the line of talk I like to hear! That's what I said one day long ago.

Take your choice.

THE CRAVING FOR UNITY

Unity! that is the cry now going up from all camps outside the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church has no reason to cry, for she has had that unity and preserved it, ever since she was built on the Rock (Peter).

What does the craving for unity show?

In the first place, that outside the Church there is no unity. Despite the craving of the ages since the so-called Reformation, despite the many attempts made in past centuries, they still present the sad spectacle of much divided and still disintegrating bodies. And logically how can they ever unite when their only *raison d'être* is protest—separation—individual supremacy in matters of faith and morals.

Again, this craving for unity shows that reason calls for unity in religion and true sentiment craves for it. If that be the case then, either Christ was not wise enough to give it to His Church from the beginning or He was too weak to accomplish it. If Christ be God, how can we say either?

But if Christ meant His Church to have unity, then how can we qualify Luther's act of separation to form the German Church? How shall we characterize Henry the Eighth's act of separation to form the English Church from which American Protestantism was born by a new act of disintegration? How shall we characterize Calvin's act of separation to form the Calvinistic Church from which the Scotch Church originated by another act of protest and disintegration?

"Upon this rock I will build My Church" must sound rather queer, to those who are still striving for unity, who cling to churches.

THAT FOREIGN ELEMENT

The Rt. Rev. C. E. Byrne, in an article contributed to the Missionary on "The Supreme Need of Texas," makes some very serious statements that apply to other portions of the United States as well.

"In my office in the Cathedral City of Galveston," he says, "hangs a map of Texas. The towns with churches, with resident priests, and with mere stations are marked with colored tacks. These tacks form a thin line stretching northwesterly from Galveston. On either side of this narrow ribbon there is hardly a church or priest to be seen. Up to the northeast there are nine counties without a single church, much less a resident priest."

The cause of this is that "The Catholic parents of Texas have been too jealous of their offspring. They have not offered them gladly upon the altar of God as a sacrifice for His greater glory. Their ideal has been to keep their homes intact, while youths and maidens from abroad came to our shores to minister to our spiritual needs."

HOW MANY ARE THEY?

We often hear the question put: "How many Americans are there engaged in Catholic mission work?" "About a dozen" is the general answer. This seems to be belittling America's real position toady. We are indeed far behind some of our European brethren, notably France and Germany. But we are striving to come forward, and it surely interests us to know by exactly how many we are represented.

Unfortunately, complete statistics are not yet available, but some inquiries have revealed the fact that the number sent forth by American branches of religious orders, etc., is well over that much-quoted "one dozen." For the Jesuits claim 64 men in the mission fields of the Central American countries and in Asia, and expect to more than double this number in this decade. The Holy Ghost Fathers have 12, the Holy Cross Congregation 10, Maryknoll 6, Techny 3, and there must be a few from various other Societies. Thus an estimate of 100 does not seem too high. In the no less difficult home missions there are about 350 men, religious and seculars, engaged. How many nuns there are at work here and abroad is difficult to say.

REV. BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S. V. D.

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A recent event of the greatest importance was the convention of the Catholic Press Association, which opened in Washington Jan. 23. This representative gathering of all Catholic editors and publishers of the country, was addressed in the name of the Catholic Bishops, by Rt. Rev. W. T. Russell, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., chairman of the Press department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. The purpose of the address was to present a plan for the better organization of Catholic publicity and press work. The event was hailed by many of the Catholic editors present, as the beginning of a new era in Catholic Literature and Journalism.

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The American Hierarchy has issued a joint Pastoral Letter to all Catholics of the United States, dealing with the various problems confronting Catholics in this country. A summary of this letter was to be read in all churches, if possible, on the first Sunday of Lent, on which day there was to be a general Communion, in order to implore God's blessing on the efforts of Hierarchy and People for the furtherance of Catholic ideals in our land. "For God and Country," read the editorial announcing the event—and truly, if all of us Catholics bend our united efforts to the accomplishment of the aims of this letter of our Bishops, we shall have served our God and our Country in the best possible way.

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It is pleasing to note in the various local Catholic weeklies what a lively interest is being taken in Catholic education. Colleges and Academies are everywhere being erected or being enlarged, or chapels and community houses are being built at the State Universities. For instance, ground was broken for Rosary College, a Catholic institution for women, to be erected in River Forest, near Chicago, at a cost of \$1,000,000. It is to be in charge of the Dominican Sisters from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.

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In this connection it is good to note also some of the activity within these institutions. Thus, for example, at Marquette University, Milwaukee, a conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was recently organized. At an enthusiastic meeting, at which many students assisted, Father McNichol, S. J., spoke on the opportunity offered university men in the field of catechetical instruction, and this work will be the field of charitable endeavor to which the Marquette conference of Vincentians will devote itself. The senior class of St. Louis University offered itself by unanimous vote to the health commissioner of St. Louis to help in the "flu" epidemic.

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The Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Oregon, celebrates its 50th year with a special historical edition. It is one of the stalwarts of the Catholic Press in America.

New York Catholic Laymen have proposed a new Catholic University for that city, in connection with Manhattan College. The city of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, pledged a sum of \$250,000 toward the erection of a Catholic College in the city, provided the diocese would raise an equal amount outside the city. The first group of buildings is to be ready in 1921. Iowa Catholics intend to raise a sum of \$750,000 for the purpose of establishing community centers for Catholic students at the State Colleges of Iowa City, Ames, and Cedar Falls; and also for the extension of the Catholic women's college conducted by the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., at Dubuque. Other institutions are also active.

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Following a speech by Cardinal Gibbons, the Maryland Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at its annual meeting, resolved to address the legislature in regard to more stringent divorce laws. The Cardinal said: "One of the great evils of our day is divorce. It is a cancer eating into the very vitals of our national life. I wish it could be done away with entirely. But any effort to diminish this evil will be doing a great good. One remedy is the exercise of Christian patience. If the words of the Apostle: 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' were practiced, there would be fewer divorces. I hope you will set an example in this respect. I hope also you will exercise zeal in impressing upon others the importance of checking this evil of divorce."

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In other countries, too, there are evident signs of the Church's activity. From Brazil we hear the following: In view of the extraordinary progress of the church in this country within the last quarter of a century, when the dioceses have multiplied five times, Cardinal Arcoverde is calling together a national Council of Hierarchy, to make any necessary and useful provisions for the great work. As a prelude, there has been, at the suggestion of the Papal Nuncio, a splendid meeting of Catholic workingmen, crowned by the organization of the Catholic Federation of Labor. In Italy, the Popular Party and the Catholic Railway Men's Syndicate exercised a valuable influence in settling the recent strike.

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In Hungary, the results of the recent elections for the national assembly show a majority for the National Christian Party. In France, the election of M. Paul Deschanel, to the Presidency of the French Republic, is regarded with satisfaction, since he is considered as fair-minded toward Catholic interests as any man could be found among leading Frenchmen.

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It is sad to note that Europe is facing an invasion of American Protestants, who utilizing their superior means for charitable work, intend to combine with their charity a deliberate scheme for proselytizing. For a mess of pottage a starving man may be gotten to sell almost anything. Millions of dollars are being raised for this purpose.

The Holy Father is still proving himself the Father of all the faithful by the interest he is taking in all the war sufferers of Europe. The collection which he lately announced for the children of Central Europe, in most parishes of our country, met a hearty response. In England 60,000 pounds were subscribed, almost \$300,000. And now the Red Cross International Society addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff an appeal asking his aid for the 200,000 prisoners still interned in Siberia, whose condition is frightful.

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In this connection we call attention to the official report made by F. P. Yanes, assistant director in charge of the educational section of the Pan-American Union. He says, speaking of the text-books on Latin America used in public schools in the United States that, "nearly all contain unfair opinions, incorrect data, and severe criticisms that cannot fail to create erroneous impressions in the minds of readers." And so the wells are poisoned.

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But this unfair advantage is not enough; these proselytizers often resort to the most absurd and vile calumnies against the Church in order to further their work. For instance, a Baptist paper published in El Paso, under the direction of a Mr. J. E. Davis, treats its Mexican readers to the following: After heaping unprintable insults on the heroic Cardinal Mercier, and branding the venerable Cardinal Gibbons as a drunkard, they claim in all seriousness that the late attempt on the life of Clemenceau was due to the Jesuits. "The crime," says the paper, "was committed by an anarchist, but it is stated that the Jesuit clergy had a hand in the outrage. Now we are not surprised to know that they try to kill the great French statesman, making use of the anarchists. The Church of Rome has no scruples in the matter of assassination." Evidently the writer has no scruples in the matter of character assassination.

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The diplomatic representatives to the Holy See have considerably increased during the past year. There are now three embassies of the highest rank, representing Spain, Brazil and Peru. The governments whose representatives rank as ministers and not full ambassadors, are: Argentine, Bavaria, Belgium, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Gerat Britain, Nicaragua, Holland, Portugal, Prussia, Finland. The new embassies which have been established recently are those of Poland, the Kingdom of the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes, and Venezuela.

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The French "League of Catholic Families" in Paris has issued a spirited appeal to the French government. After calling for much needed reforms in regard to various evils, it says: "Hence we demand explicitly: Freedom of education in all grades. It shall no longer be denied to French men or women, on the pretext that they belong to some religious order, after such orders have trained a Foch, a Castelnau, a Guynemere; complete religious liberty of association for religious as well as vocational bodies."

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Is it difficult to make an act of perfect contrition?

The question may be understood in two ways:

I. If you mean: is the composition of the act of perfect contrition so complicated that we can easily forget, or be ignorant of, or overlook a part of it, or that it takes a long time to make it, or demands any special sensible manifestation—then we answer without hesitation: no; it is not difficult. The act in itself is very simple, requires few words, or even none; an act of the will suffices.

II. But if you mean: is the true formation of that act—the perfect turning of the will away from sin to God—difficult, then we would answer:

a) Ordinarily speaking, it is not difficult; since anyone who really tries to make it, may be certain that he is making it.

b) There may be cases, when as far as we can see, it would seem difficult for a man to rise immediately to the act of perfect contrition.

c) But, there is no case whatsoever, as long as man is alive, in which he has not the power of prayer, through which he can infallibly obtain the grace required to make the more difficult act of perfect contrition.

What is meant by the Immaculate Conception?

The Immaculate Conception is frequently misconceived by those outside the Church. Speaking one day to the American Consul at Milan, I found, that he considered it to mean a special privilege whereby St. Joachim and St. Anne did not sin in bringing forth Mary,—or whereby our Lady was conceived in a miraculous manner.

a) It does not mean that there was anything miraculous about the Conception of our Lady: she was conceived by the same natural means as other children of men.

b) But, whereas every child that is conceived since Adam's fall, from the very first moment of its life, is deprived of sanctifying grace, Mary alone, from the very first moment of her personal existence, was by special

favor of God, in the grace and friendship of God.

c) Since the soul, which is the immediate subject of this privation of grace in which original sin in us consists, comes directly from God, it is easily intelligible to our minds that God could have enriched the soul of Mary, at the very moment He produced it and united it to its body, with such grace as became the future Mother of the Redeemer.

Does the Church under any circumstances allow a party to marry a divorced man? Said man is a non-Catholic and therefore has been married by a judge.

I. To solve the question as far as possible from the data given: a non-Catholic man, divorced by civil authority, may be in either of two conditions:

1) Either his marriage was *valid*—and then,

a) his marriage, if consummated, cannot be dissolved by any divorce under heaven; so that the Church does not and could not under any circumstances allow anyone to marry such a "divorced" person.

b) One exception might be found—the exception we know only from St. Paul—if the man is a party of a marriage dissolved in virtue of the Pauline Privilege.

2) Or the man's marriage was *invalid* in the first place, for some reason or other. Then as is clear,

a) the divorce is merely a declaration of nullity objectively present, wherefore,

b) this nullity having been satisfactorily proved for the authorities of the Church watching over the sanctity of the matrimonial bond, the Church could allow a free party to marry such a "divorced" man. For in reality, he would be "divorced" only in name, never having been truly married.

II. As you see from the solution, so many things must be taken into account, and so many circumstances must be satisfactorily proved, that every case must be submitted to the rightful authority of the Church.

	Some Good Books	
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Man's Great Concern. By Ernest R. Hull, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Cloth \$1.25, paper 35c.

Opening the first page of Father Hull's new book, the reader would imagine he had a Catechism in his hands. The matter treated is elementary Christian doctrine. But before he has covered many pages the reader will realize that the book has a far wider scope. It is truly what the subtitle declares: a handbook for "the management of Life," giving in simple, direct style—in the form of question and answer—all the fundamental principles of moral science with their application to individual cases. To quote the words of Father Wynne in the foreword:

"With the painstaking habit of the Scotchman that he is, Father Hull analyzes in the most interesting way the elements of life which ordinarily are treated only in elaborate books of psychology or of ethics, and he has the happy faculty of expressing his analysis in terms that the simplest can grasp. Thus he analyzes Will, Sense, Passion, Habit, Speech, Imagination. He shows how Motive influences each and every one of them; in plain words, he lays bare the action of the human heart, its sense of responsibility, its embrace or evasion of duty, its conflict when drawn by duty or by pleasure. Here is human diagnosis of the highest order."

First Fruits. By Sister Mary Philip. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.00, postpaid \$1.05.

We cannot better indicate the purport of this little book than by quoting the author's own words: "These short meditations have been written with the hope that they may prove suitable for those who, having left our convent schools and training colleges, are entering upon the battle of life. Few, if any, will be able to give regularly more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to mental prayer each day; but if this book help even one soul to give the first fruits of her day to God, it will not have been written in vain." And in the preface, Father J. B. Jaggar, S. J., adds: "This present book of meditations is especially designed for girls, though all others too may use it with equal advantage."

Paging through these meditations, we were struck by one point of excellence: each thought meditated upon is brought down to its practical bearings on every day life. No chance here, as St. Alphonsus would say, to be satisfied with the flowers of meditation without gathering its fruits. Thus the first point of the meditation on "My First Communion" closes with the words: "Why was it that I was then so enthusiastic for Our Lord's visit, and that now so often the visits of that same kind Lord and Master hardly awake any interest in me? Do I love Him less now than I did then? Surely not! Is it not rather, dear Lord, that I have let my heart grow hardened by routine; that I take Thy kindness as a matter of course, forgetting the inestimable privilege Communion is to me? O God, my God, give me back the earnestness of the day of my First Communion."

The single points of each meditation are short, averaging perhaps fifteen lines. We hope many of those for whom it is intended will procure a copy and make diligent use of it.

McAroni Ballads. By T. A. Daly. Harcourt Brace & Howe, New York. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Daly seems never to be at a loss to pick out from everyday life simple, homelike themes to clothe in verse. And he accomplishes his task in a way that strikes a responsive chord in the minds and hearts of his readers. This new book of his, for the most part, deals with the hopes and fears of those who were born under the sunny skies of Italy and have but lately made their home in this country.

The Catholic Business Woman. Published monthly. Detroit, Mich.

This little paper of sixteen pages does not pretend to be a magazine, says its introductory editorial, but simply a monthly bulletin of the Catholic Business Women's Club of Detroit. We are glad to note the bulletin as an evidence of the good work done by the organization in the past, as well as an indication of what might still be accomplished in the future. The article: "The State Law in Regard to Marriage," in the February issue, is one to suggest and deserve serious thought.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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A woman who was troubled with chronic nightmare, and who frequently cried out in her sleep, advertised for room and board "with a family who would not object to screaming in the night."

Among the answers she received was one which asked: "How often would you require us to scream?"

Miss Sweetum (to city librarian)—I do not wish to bother you, but I've forgotten the name of the book I want. If you'll just mention what books you have, I'll stop you when you come to it!

The train was behind time. An impatient passenger called the conductor. "Can't you go faster than this?" he asked.

"Sure," was the reply, "but I have to stay with the train."

"Here's a concern advertising a shirt without buttons," said wifey.

"Nothing new about that," replied hubby. "I've been wearing them for years."

Two negroes were out under shell fire. The shells were coming over at a lively rate. Finally one landed perilously near, and the older man said to his buddy: "See heah, Jim, doan you all think it's high time you jined de church?"

The other whispered back: "G'wan away fum heah, Jackson, Ah dun jine de church wen dat fust shell cum over."

Miss Amanda had just had a quiet tete-a-tete with Lieutenant Fligible, and was asked by her guardian how she liked his conversation. "Oh, immensely!" she said. "There's a ring in his voice."

On Christmas a certain minister was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At the dinner table he was opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the minister's left. Seeing the goose he remarked:

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"

Finding the words a bit equivocal, he turned around to the lady, and said,

in a most inoffensive tone:

"Excuse me, I mean the roasted one."

Teacher: "Don't you know what you come to school for?"

Little Albert. "Sure. Me father said if I came every day he'd buy me a billy goat."

"Was your first meeting with your wife romantic?"

"Naw. We used to make faces at each other over the back fence when we were kids."

"Has Maud made up her mind to stay in?"

"No; she's made up her face to go out."

An Englishman and an Irishman, happening to be riding together, passed a gallows.

"Where would you be," said the Englishman, "if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, I guess," said the Irishman.

At an Army Post in France a Y. M. C. A. man asked a negro stevedore just what he would do if he was told to catch a certain boat for home in just ten minutes.

To which the negro replied: "Say, boss, what would I do with the other nine minutes?"

"I bet I know what makes sister wear her hair bunched over her ears," said the small boy.

"Do you?" replied the affable young man.

"Yes. But I ain't going to tell. Only if my ears were as big as sister's I'd do something like that myself."

"Lillian," said mother severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning, and now there is only one. How does this happen?"

"I don't know," said Lillian, regretfully. "It must have been so dark that I didn't see the other piece."